

Children's Department.

HOW THINGS GET MIXED.

It seems very strange
To a boy like me
How things get so mixed;
I'm sure I can's see.

How potatoes have eyes,
And a hill has a foot,
A clock has a face,
And a tooth has a root.

A stove has four legs,
But it can't walk around;
And corn has long ears,
But it hears not a sound.

A juy has a mouth,
But was ne'er known to eat;
A stand has four legs,
But not any feet.

A bed has four legs,
A foot, head, and side;
A tree has a trunk,
The ocean a tide.

A wagon a tongue,
And still doesn't talk.
A yard has three feet,
And it never can walk.

And a minute is short,
Or a minute is long
While the teakettle sings
A right merry song.

And then it seems strange
How people will say
To boys and to girls
Who romp and play,

Come, Birdie, my Brownie,
My duckie, my dear,
My lambie, my robin,
My darling, now here.

But one thing I'll tell you—
Be sure not forget—
I'm a boy, not a birdie,
A lamb, nor a pet.

—Ketta A. Pettit.

Ashland, Ohio.

My home is at Ashland where the EVANGELIST is printed. I am acquainted with the Editor and his family. I do not write often but I like to read the children's letters. Papa and mamma and my two sisters belong to the Brethren church. We will have our Sunday-school picnic next Thursday. We have King's Children every Tuesday evening at eight o'clock. Our K. C. leader is Miss Lydia Berkley. We had hoped that the National Conference would be held at Ashland, but have been very much disappointed.

Your little friend,
AMY WORST.

Dear children of the EVANGELIST: I will write my second letter to the EVANGELIST. I am eleven years old. I belong to the Junior King's Children. Miss Lydia Berkley is our instructor. I have one brother eight years old. We are en-

joying our school vacation. We spent one week at our grandma's.

Your little sister,
ETHEL MURRAY.

As I have not written for the EVANGELIST for some time I will try to write a short letter now. My cousin Louis Ikenberry came here on his wheel to visit us. He lives in Mount Morris, Ill. I belong to the Brethren church. I go to Sunday-school and church whenever I can. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Clara Worst. I am sorry our King's Children teacher left. We live near the College and I can go up whenever I please. Well as this is all I can think of I will close by asking a question. How many words are there in the book of St. John?

ARTHUR BERKLEY.

From Uncle Lou.

DEAR CHILDREN:—As I was reading the last EVANGELIST, I suddenly turned to see what you all had to say, for old and big as I am, I enjoy these little letters as much as any of you. Did you all read the letter from Vernie Keller? How sad it must be to sit by the table and gaze upon those two vacant chairs. Children, did you ever think what it must be to be without a papa or a mamma?

But don't be sad, Vernie. Remember, papa has just gone to fill his vacant chair in heaven, and there beside him is a vacant chair for you. How happy we will be when we all can leave these hard, tire-some chairs in this world, and go over yonder to recline in those places of rest that our Master is preparing for us. How hard we should work to be found worthy of a chair over there.

Children, are you always ready to do what you can for Jesus? There is so much you can do. Save your pennies and give them to Him. Go to Sunday-school and get some little boy or girl, that never goes, to go with you. How nice if you could cause some little boy or girl to learn to love Jesus. If you see some boy doing something bad, go to him and say, "Please don't do that." Say it so kindly and so sweetly, that the words will keep ringing in his ears, "Please don't do that." O, there are so many things you can do. Now I will tell you what to do. Each letter you write to the EVANGELIST, tell us something that you have done for the Saviour. You know these big folks are always writing and telling what they have done. Now is your turn. Who will be first?

Now, I will close by asking a question. God wanted a certain little boy to work in His temple for Him, and to afterwards

become a great and good judge over his people. So He called him one night three times before he knew that it was God that was calling him to tell him what to do. Who was this little boy, and what were his answers each time he heard his name called? He was also the last Judge over Israel.

Ever your faithful,
UNCLE LOU.

THREE FOLLOWERS.

The wise old Hassan sat in his door as three young men passed eagerly by.

"Are you following after any one, my sons?"

"I follow after pleasure," said the oldest.

"And I after riches," said the second. "Pleasure is only to be found with riches."

"And you my little one?" he asked of the third.

"I follow after duty," he modestly said. And each went his way.

The aged Hassan in his journey came upon three men.

"My son," he said to the eldest, "me thinks thou wert the youth who was following after pleasure. Did'st thou ever over-take her?"

"No, father," answered the man. "Pleasure is but a phantom that flies as one approaches."

"Thou did'st not follow the right way, my son."

"How did'st thou fare?" he asked of the second.

"Pleasure is not with riches," he answered.

"And thou?" continued Hassan, addressing the youngest.

"As I walked with duty," he replied, "Pleasure walked ever by my side."

"It is always thus," said the old man. "Pleasure pursued is not overtaken. Only her shadow is caught by him who pursues. She herself goes hand in hand with duty, and they who make duty their companion have also the companionship of pleasure."—Selected.

WHAT WILL IT MAKE?

Take a long, narrow strip of paper and draw a line through the middle of it the whole length. Then take hold of one end and twist it so as to make one coil in the paper. Now paste the two ends together, making the two ends of the line you have drawn match. After it is dry take the scissors and cut the paper in two along the line you have drawn.

If you had not twisted the strip of paper at all what would you get by cutting it in this way? Two separate circles, of course. What will you have now? Try it and see, and then see if you can tell why that twist makes such a difference.